

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

MALCOLM I. BROWNING, Editor.

THE PRESS IN CONVENTION.

There is Hope for the State!

The sentiment of the people of South Carolina is unanimous. From the seashore to the mountains, a voice comes spontaneous from the people of the State, and it speaketh mighty things—things of high import, and pregnant with bright hope. The people of South Carolina have repudiated Democracy. Significant omen! Its name and its national issues are relinquished. This is a fact.

The colored man has a natural and constitutional right to his freedom and his citizenship, and this right is really and heartily admitted and recognized by the white people of the State.

Great things must come from this. There is hope for the State! Hope that the honest men, those who are citizens of the State, and who have exhibited the intention and desiring of becoming her good citizens, will unite, and that their concert of action and community of interest will result in breaking up the "ring of corruption," the nest of robbers that have settled upon us, and will secure the government to those who are citizens and who are worthy.

Another grand effort is about to be organized, and it is to be made upon the basis of fact; upon the fact that the colored man is our fellow-citizen and our equal in civil and political rights.

Disgusted as the colored people are with the deception, and dishonesty of the party, that has controlled his sympathy and ballot for its own purposes of robbery, they will hear with astonishment that the people of South Carolina are ready to guarantee to him his right of voting and holding office.

They do guarantee to him these rights, and they ask him to use these rights to purify, to redeem their State of which they are citizens, and in which they have the deepest and truest interest.

And we believe that they will respond to this movement. They will free themselves from the galling shackles of the party, that has ruled them, and will exercise their rights in favor of the honest and worthy of her citizens, white and black.

There is hope for the State! With a community of rights and of interests, the white men and the colored men of South Carolina will make the effort together and honest men will be put in office.

The intelligence, the elevation, the refinement which have ever been the characteristics of the Southern people, and the labor, the industry, of the colored men, the best adapted to our climate and to our great product, united in a community of the truest and deepest interest, hopes and destiny, present in their union a *tabula* of hope in the future, the brightest and most glorious of any people.

We shall be as one. The same rights, hopes, destiny belong to both. And in its effulgence of brightness, the carpet-bagger will skulk away. Yes! he must pack up! When honest men agree rogues must clear out. That the people of South Carolina have resolved to make this grand effort, upon this grand effort, upon this true basis, is shown by the action of the Press, at their late conference at Columbia.

These gentlemen consulted with their patrons, and have expressed their sentiments. And this is what they say:

1. *Resolved*, That this conference recognizes the legal right of all citizens of the State, irrespective of color, to suffrage.

2. *Resolved*, That this conference recognizes the legal right of all citizens of the State, irrespective of color or former condition, to office, subject alone to personal qualification and fitness.

3. *Resolved*, That in the judgment of this conference, a convention of the people of the state opposed to Radicalism, and in favor of good and honest government, should be held in the city of Columbia, at some convenient time for the purpose of nominating a State ticket, which, while assuring equal and exact justice to all, will afford some degree of security, prosperity and good government.

4. *Resolved*, That this conference respectfully suggests to the people of the State Wednesday, the 25th of June ensuing, as a suitable time for holding said convention.

California has a newspaper known as the Watsonville Pajaronian. The newsboys are shy of it.

Gen. Sully writes that 700 of the 1,900 Gros Ventre Indians in Montana, have died of small-pox since last September.

There are in America and Europe more than 250 manufactories of India rubber articles, employing some 500 operatives. Each year they produce more than 20,000,000 pounds of gum a year.

[COMMUNICATED.]

GOODBYE'S TOWNSHIP.

March 12th 1870.

Mr. Editor:—The flattering prospect of a deliverance from the despotism under which we are living is so cheering that I cannot refrain giving utterance to my feelings. In my humble opinion the press of the State, and public sentiment generally, seem to be in the right path to bring about this much desired result. It is earnestly to be hoped that no disturbing element will arise to neutralize the noble efforts of our good people to break down the evil influences and machinations of party, and restore just and equal government.

I suppose the Radical party would smile at the expression, *just and equal government*, when they regard themselves as the persification of the idea. But they have now been in power for several years, and where, would I ask, have they given evidence of their justness? Is it to be found in public officials speculating in State property? Is it to be found in Whittemore selling cadetships to foreigners, which were intended as a gratuity to our native youths? Is it to be found in the something which Leslie, the Land Commissioner, threatens to tell, if his colleagues in office don't let him alone?

Is it to be found in the appointing power to so many officers being vested entirely in one man, in opposition to the constitution of their own coinage and that too, a strictly party man? Is it to be found in the Governor of the State, he to whom, on account of his position, the masses should look up as an example of justice honor and magnanimity, refusing to appoint any to office but partisans? Is it to be found in so many offices being filled by foreigners instead of natives?

It is useless to recount further. Democracy although it embodies more intelligence and refinement, and on this account excels Radicalism, in the fostering of old and cherished opinions, may not be entirely without blemish. There is no justice in party. Whoever is elected to office as a party man! unless he is honest, will be trammelled with party prejudices. What then is needed in the emergency? Evidently a union of citizens of all classes and colors, without regard to party, whose only object shall be to remove political corruption, and substitute good government, electing to office the most meritorious men, wherever found, whether in the ranks of Radicalism or Democracy.

Before the coming elections the citizens of different localities, white and colored, should assemble in public meeting, and adopt and publish a platform, guaranteeing perfect freedom of suffrage, and equal political rights to all men, without respect to race and color, so clearly, that the most ignorant may understand. We must give to the colored man even more than he enjoys from the Radicals. Calm, moderate and dispassionate men should be chosen to communicate our principles publicly, and prove to the colored people that our purposes are honest. Such an organization must succeed, for truth and honesty, however distorted, will ultimately come out triumphant. All that is needed is a few clear headed, common sense, practical men, who know well the difference between political and social equality, and will not allow a mere wish to endanger the ultimate success of the principles they are endeavoring to perpetuate.

We must combat against this characteristic squeamishness of the Southern people. If there is danger to the weak and vulgar, there is none to the strong-minded and upright. The races must and naturally will be distinct. They mutually desire to be so. It was this squeamishness which had a great deal to do with our defeat in the last Presidential campaign, by prompting us to withhold from the colored people many things which we could easily have afforded; and it was this same characteristic squeamishness which helped to lose the Confederate cause, when in the latter part of the war, a recommendation was sent to Congress by President Davis, and strongly advocated by Gen. Lee and many of his generals, to arm the slaves under promise of general emancipation, the press burst forth like a boiling crater in anathemas of denunciation against the instigators of such folly. The Charleston Mercury ever declared, that if such an act passed Congress South Carolina would no longer have an interest in the war. I thought then and still think that if such a step were taken, the efforts of the abolitionists of the North would have been paralyzed, foreign recognition would have been obtained, and our final independence would have been achieved.

But so it was, in order to save our slaves we lost our freedom. It is very much like a man at sea in a storm, with a cargo of gold; if he throws over the gold he will save his life, but in his greediness to save the gold too, he ship and cargo go to the bottom together. How low will we thus continue to dally with trifles, and lose great things? I trust our cup of folly has been filled. If we wish to win, we must lay aside many an idle notion; we must be practical. This does not imply that we should sacrifice principle or honor. If such be

the condition of success I for one prefer to remain under the yoke of Radicalism. This time is fast approaching for the good people of the State to organize for the contest. I trust that a plan of action will be adopted upon which we can be united.

WHITEMORE ON THE STUMP.—Ex-Congressman Whittemore arrived in Sumter on Saturday, having appointed that day to address his quondam constituents of this country. Owing, however, either to the inclemency of the weather or, which is more probable, to instructions reported to have been sent out by Moses, Jr., and Feriter, to the colored people not to come in, there were very few in town, compared to the number composing his audiences on former occasions. Worse still, the great apostle of Radicalism, in the days of reconstruction, was not allowed by men of his own party the privilege of speaking in the courthouse!

"Shade of the night! can it be that this is all remains of the?" Feriter, one of the county commissioners, declined giving up the key to the Honorable divine, declaring that "if he is not fit to speak in the halls of Congress, he is not fit to speak in the courthouse." It being too wet to speak in the open air, Whittemore, as a *denier* resorted, made use of Emanuel Church, (colored). There, the dealer in cadetships addressed an audience of about one hundred and fifty persons for several hours. He went over pretty much the same ground covered by his letter published a few days ago. He declared that the cause of the colored people was his own; that his aim had always been to advance their interests; that he had made persistent and successful efforts to secure educational advantages to their children, and to supply the wants of the poor and needy. Being asked by Burrell James to explain the cadetship affair, he acknowledged having received one thousand dollars, but had applied it to charitable purposes.

He received very little applause during his address; but without doubt a great many of his audience were convinced that he had acted right. Though it seems to be the determination of the leaders of his party to give Whittemore the cold shoulder, and now that he has fallen to keep him down, if he succeeds in reaching the ear of the masses—which he has ample time to do—he will yet have the hearts of the colored people, and convince them that a fox without a tail is as good as a fox with a tail. —Cor. Chas. News.

THE WOES OF WHITEMORE.—Whittemore attempted to deliver a speech at Camden on Monday last, but was interrupted so much that he had to cease. All he said was: "Fellow-citizens!" Yells from the crowd: "Who sold cadetships?" Whittemore: I did not. John Chestnut, a colored member of the Legislature, shouted: "You are a d-d liar." This broke up the meeting. Yesterday Whittemore spoke at Columbia to a large crowd of colored persons, denying his guilt, and justifying yet expressing sorrow for what he had done. Che-nut followed and showed up the reverend scoundrel. The feeling of the meeting, especially among the negro women, was with Whittemore.

The Convention of School Commissioners is in session. The Press Conference met on Wednesday. The attendance is large and influential. —News.

WHITEMORE'S WAR RECORD.—An ex-private of the 30th Regiment, Massachusetts volunteers, writes to the Salem Massachusetts Observer (a Radical sheet) as follows: "If the Congressmen Whittemore, who recently resigned his seat in face of a motion to expel him for bribery and corruption, is the same person who under the name of B. F. Whittemore acted as chaplain of the 30th Regiment Massachusetts Veterans Volunteers, I have a word to say to the public in answer to the statement in Saturday's Observer, that he had no wrong intentions, and that he is such an excellent and well meaning man."

Inspired by a strong sympathy for this Republic in its recent death struggle with the worst of despotisms, I left my native country (Holland) in company with several other young men and joined the ranks of the Northern army as a private soldier in the regiment before mentioned.

Mr. Whittemore, who was chaplain, acted also as postmaster of the regiment, and repeatedly demanded and received of me and my comrades 50 to 75 cents for every letter mailed by us for Europe and committed to his charge.

To none of these letters did either of us ever receive a reply; being ignorant of the language, and having been taught in my own country to repose entire confidence in men of his profession, I never doubted his honesty until my company was ordered to Darlington, South Carolina, when I got a few days furlough to

Charleston, South Carolina, where I mailed a letter home to Holland and was surprised to find the postage was only 21 cents. I expressed my surprise to the postoffice clerk, who assured me that there was no mistake, and that if I had paid more to anybody before, I had been cheated. I will add that I received, to my great joy, an answer in 36 days.

I could give many instances showing his entire want of truth, but the above will suffice.

DIRK TEUPKEN.

A Washington correspondent says, that during the cadetship debate in the House, Mr. Niblack went over to Whittemore and said, "I'll tell you, Whittemore, how you can keep your seat in spite of them." "How?" eagerly asked Whittemore. "Why," responded Mr. Niblack, "get some Democrat to contest it."

DEATH OF JAMES ROBINSON.—This champion circus rider died recently in Cincinnati, of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was well known and highly admired by the circus-going people of our State for the last twenty years, as one of the most graceful and expert circus riders in the world.

The sexton of a Washington church, deceived by the gorgeous apparel of Madame Catacazy's servant, insisted on putting him into a pew belonging to one of the foreign ministers. Madame Catacazy was so horrified at the mistake that she caused the services to be suspended while the lackey was shown to a less conspicuous seat.

At Hyde Park (almost under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument), on the 7th instant, sixty women deposited their votes for town officers. They were led by Mrs. Weld, seventy or eighty years of age, who advanced with cotton umbrella in one hand and her ballot in the other.

A young lady from the country being invited to a party, was told by her city cousin to fix up and put her best foot foremost, in order to catch a beau. "she looked so green in her country attire." The country lass looked comically into the face of rather faded relative, and replied, "Better green than withered."

At the funeral of a man in Black born, England, recently, his widow was observed to weep bitterly and to hold her right hand under her left breast, as if for the purpose of suppressing those heartfelt emotions that are sometimes evidenced in paroxysms of uncontrollable grief. She lingered by her husband's graveside until the officiating minister and most of the mourners had retired from the spot, when suddenly she drew something from underneath her cloak, which proved to be her late husband's clogs, ironed at the sides. These she threw into the open grave, exclaiming, "Heer, tay thees wi this, for thus punished mi wi um oft enough."

A FRIEND.
BRANCHVILLE, S. C., March 7th, 1870.

TAX NOTICE.
ORANGEBOURG COUNTY.
March 14th, 1870.
Notice is hereby given that I will be at the several different Places hereinafter named, for the purposes of COLLECTING STATE AND COUNTY TAXES for the YEAR 1869, in the following proportions, viz:
For General Purposes of State Government, Interest on State Debt, and School Purposes.....\$1.00
Poll Tax.....\$1.00
Total per cent.....8 Mills.
At Branchville on the 20th and 30th of March.
At Lewisville on the 4th and 4th of April.
At J. Hamp Felder's Store on the 7th and 8th of April.
At Easterling's Mills on the 11th and 12th of April.
At D. B. Shannahan's on the 14th and 15th of April.
At Zeigler's Store on the 18th and 19th of April.
At Orangeburg from the 20th April to the 16th of May.
On the 13th of May the PENALTY of 25 PER CENT. will be added, and all Defaulters will be STRICTLY DEALT WITH, according to Law.
T. K. SASPORTAS,
County Treasurer.
mar 19-3t

BURNT CORN OPERA.

AT
BAMBERG, S. C.,
ON
FRIDAY NIGHT,
March 25th, 1870.

THE BANDERO MINSTREL TROUP will give one or their Characteristic Representations at BAMBERG, in Mesario Hall, on the above mentioned evening. Doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock. Performance commence at 8 o'clock. Admission 50 Cents, Children under 12 years 25 Cents.
mar 19-1t
J. F. B. Secretary.

IN THE COURT OF PROBATE.
WHEREAS, Isaac J. Von hath applied to me for letters of Administration on the Estate of Reuben A. Von, late of Orangeburg County, deceased.
These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the Kindred and Creditors of the said deceased, to be and appear before me at a Court of Probate for the said County, to be holden at Orangeburg on the 2d day of April, 1870, at 10 o'clock A. M. to show cause if any, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand and the Seal of the Court, this 10th day of March, A. D. 1870, and in the ninety-fourth year of American Independence.
THAD. C. ANDREWS,
Judge of Probate.
mar 10-2t

OBITUARY.

DIED—in the 24th year of her age, on Tuesday night, March 1st, at her father's residence, near Branchville, Mrs. AUGUSTA HOGAN, leaving a fond husband, parents and two dear little children to mourn her early exit from this world.

Yes, she is gone! In the zenith of womanhood and a young mother's glowing pride.

"The king of terrors seized her as his prey."

And AUGUSTA is no more!
She was the only child of two whose locks have long since been silvered by the frost of years. Alas! what is there to allure them to this "hazy scene of splendid woe," now that their idol is gone! For five long months previous to the going out of her lamp of life, she revealed in the luxury of pain; and over her sick couch fond parents, whose bodies, although bent by the rude hand of age, and a grief-stricken husband were seen to bend far, would it have been for them, had their darling been taken at once to her father! For although

"The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd,
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched
The leaves must drop away;
And yet it was a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day
Since earthly eyes but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair."

we knew it was sad to see her thus blotted from life's page, before the burden of accumulated years had impaired for her the enjoyment of the evanescent pleasures of this world. 'Twas sweet to have her with her friends! But alas! the bright sun of her existence, while shining in all its meridian splendor, has been obscured by the advent of the dark winged angel of death; and her soul has passed from the scenes of this world into that dreamless sleep which will know no waking joys until the loud trumpet of the Arch Angel shall announce that the last page has been completed in the great volume of time.

Yes, Willie, she is gone.

"Like a star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then tumbled from earth its dream,"

her smiles will no more

"Seatter gladness o'er your path."

But let the reflection that your "sorrow not with those who have no hope," be a solace to your grief, for in the proprieties of conduct which she has at all times exhibited in her intercourse with her friends and acquaintances may furnish a basis upon which to establish a presumption, you must at once conclude that your loss is her eternal gain. Death had not a single dread for her. It was only an exchange of her mortal vestments for shining robes of immortality, bidding adieu to the miseries with which this life is replete, to enter the portals of a happy and felicitous eternity. Like a true Christian, she died quietly and meekly submitted to the terrible mandate. When about to enter upon the dark valley, she gave no indication of being frightened by horrible apparitions or unwomanly fears; but

"Like one who wraps the drapery of her

couch about her,
And lies down to pleasant dreams,"

she sunk into the arms of death quietly and peacefully; and her immortal soul left its body to rest as calmly and imperceptibly as the dewdrop when it is exhaled by the bright beams of the rising sun into the cerulean blue of Heaven; after which, all that was left of Augusta, was carried slowly and measuredly to the old family grave-yard and there now a fresh mound of earth may be seen, upon which loved hands lingered lovingly, as they laid the body of the deceased to rest. The fragrance of her lovely moon beams as they fall in clusters around her lonely resting place, where she will sleep on undisturbed until time shall have ceased.

Yes! she's interred in the old grave-yard; but her many virtues will forever live and bloom in the recollection of those who

"Knew her but to love her,
Nor named her but to praise."

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THAD. C. ANDREWS,
Judge of Probate.
mar 10-2t

At the residence of Frederick Livingston, in Orangeburg County, I will sell at public auction on Thursday, the 24th inst., at 11 o'clock A. M., the personal property of Frederick Livingston, Bankrupt, consisting of 1 Cow, 1 Yearling, 1 Sheep and Lamb, 1 Buggy, 1 Log Cart, Chain and Stretcher, Blacksmith's Bellows, Nail, Vices, Hammers and Tongs, 2 sheets, Bolt Iron, and 1 pair R. B. Truck Wheels, Wheelwright's Tools, Corn Shelter, Spinning Wheel, Warp and Tie Rops, 1 Double and Single Barbed Gun.
Terms cash.
F. V. DIBBLE, Assignee,
Frederick Livingston, Bankrupt.
mar 12

WANTED.—Mill Hands, Log

CUTTERS and HAULERS.

Apply to

MEDICES RICKENBAKER,

At Patrick Jennings' Steam Saw Mill,

on the Cannon's Bridge Road, 5 miles

from Orangeburg, C. H.

Jan 29 6m aug 18

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of sundry writs of f. fa. to me

directed I will sell to the highest bidder,

at Orangeburg Court House, on the first

Monday in April next, for cash the fol-

lowing property, viz:

One tract of land containing 270 acres

more or less, bounded on the north by Mary

Summers and estate of D. A. F. Sum-

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